



the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



MAY 1968



SCI building as seen from East Coast Memorial in Battery Park.

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COVER: Building as seen from northwest corner of Battery Park. Statue is of John Ericsson. Photo and others in this issue pertaining to the Institute by Harold G. Petersen.

at home on state street

by Harold G. Petersen

The Institute will, this month, have made its long-awaited move to State Street — to a new building especially designed to fulfill the unique requirements of today's and tomorrow's seafarers.

The emphases, the programs, the methods, the directions of the Institute may now change to some degree — reflecting new objectives, new conditions — but the fundamental purpose for which the Institute was founded remains immutable: The ministry to the well-being of the seafarer; the amelioration of the problems peculiar to the seafarer's mode of work and living.

Mindful that the Institute's illustrious past has created the foundation for its future achievement, several physical symbols which meld the nineteenth and twentieth centuries of the Institute's ministry will be on view in the public rooms at State Street.

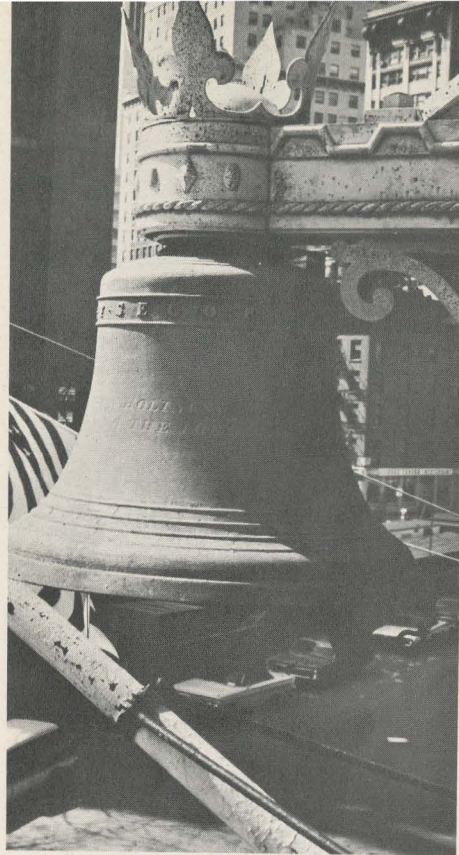
Among these will be the memorial plaques (described in the April *Lookout*) arranged within the spiral public staircase which ascends opposite the Chapel entrance.

A collection of six ship's bells of long association with the Institute will be mounted and arranged in a cluster in the second-floor foyer leading to the dining room and cafeteria. Passersby will probably be unable to resist the compulsion to thump them with their knuckles — which will be all right with the management.

The cluster will be composed of bells from the ill-fated *Normandie*, the *Atlantic* which figured in a sea tragedy, the *USS Saturn*, the *USS Samuel C. Reid*, a replica of a bell from the *U.S.S. Pennsylvania* and one bell whose origin is not known. Still another will be hung from a wall bracket.

Four of them once served special purposes at the South Street building. The one from the *Atlantic* hung from a bracket over the entrance, once rang the hours by ship time — throughout every day and night — by means of an automatic device.

Another of the cluster, which hung in the lobby, was once rung every morning and evening at 8:00 o'clock; this signalled the beginning and end of the



day's activities. The *USS Saturn* bell hung in the cafeteria, but usually remained silent except for special occasions.

The replica bell of the *USS Pennsylvania*, which hung outside the Institute chapel since 1915, remained in constant use up until the South Street building was vacated — sounding for the religious services held within. It was a commemorative gift from an individual donor.

The two most famous bells of the collection are probably of the *Normandie*, which burned at a Manhattan pier in 1942, and the 400-pound *Atlantic* bell which once hung in the Institute's floating Church of the Holy Comforter, anchored at the foot of Dey Street and North River from 1846 to 1868. Originally, the bell was salvaged from the steamer *Atlantic* which exploded and sank off Fisher's Island in Long Island

Sound November 25, 1846, with a loss of 43 lives.

The Sailor, a bronze sculpture by Jacob Lipkin of Long Island, will survey the SCI scene from some vantage point. A gift to the Institute in 1956, the piece was formerly exhibited in the old museum.

Lipkin went to sea when fifteen years of age. His son was a seaman for two years. The artist may become profiled by *Time* magazine.

For several months past, the management and staff of the Institute have carefully considered all possible utilizations of South Street equipment and furnishings in the new building.

In instances where this wasn't practical or economical, certain articles and equipment have been donated to churches and social agencies of the New York area.

(Continued on page 10)



1.



2.

H.M.S. VICTORY

by W. H. Owens

Admiral Lord Nelson's 200-year-old flagship — last of the "wooden walls" — lies drydocked at Portsmouth, England, where thousands of visitors tread her decks each year. She is rigged exactly as on the day of the Battle of Trafalgar (October 21, 1805), her three graceful masts soaring from 152 to 205 feet above the dockside.

The *Victory* (2,162 tons) had an active career around the world from the time she was launched in 1765, forty years before her crowning triumph off Cape Trafalgar. So she was already a war-scarred veteran when Nelson took command of her in 1803.

Shortly before that, in fact, the ship had been declared unfit for further service. But Nelson was so attracted by her graceful lines that he had her

1. H.M.S. "Victory" in her dry dock at Portsmouth Harbor.

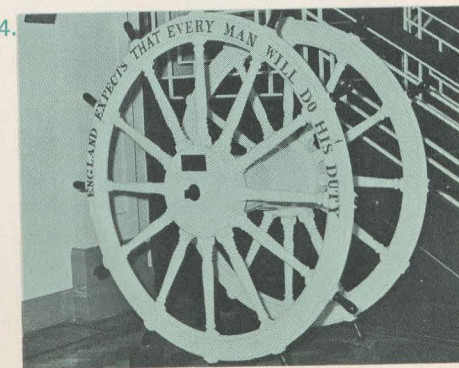
2. A mess table and typical mess utensils on the lower gun deck. Fifteen men sat around these utensils. All eating was done with the fingers and after each meal the men wiped their hands on the tassels. A seaman's kit-bag in which he carried his few personal belongings can be seen in the background.

3. The cockpit where Nelson died on October 21, 1805. Every Trafalgar Day wreaths are laid here in his memory.

4. Replica of the ship's steering wheel. The original was shot away soon after action was joined at Trafalgar. Thereafter the ship was steered by hand tackles from the tiller on the lower gun deck.



3.



4.

re-fitted as his flagship, sailing in her for the last two years of his life.

Now, carefully restored, she stands today as Nelson knew her, except for the sails that were shot away at Trafalgar.

The great gun decks of the *Victory*, carrying 104 guns in all, are still lined with the 24-pounders and 32-pounders that blazed away at the French warships in 1805. Most original deck timbers have been replaced, excepting those on the Lower Gun Deck — the broadest in the ship and 186 feet long from bow to stern. Its twin batteries of guns were manned by almost a quarter of the ship's company. (The complement at Trafalgar was 850 officers and men.)

Up on the Quarter Deck is a brass plate simply inscribed, "Here Nelson fell, 21st October, 1805". While pacing the deck with Captain Hardy, the Admiral was mortally wounded by a shot fired from the French "Redoubtable" only 40 feet away. "They have done for me at last, Hardy", he exclaimed, "my backbone is shot through."

Nelson was carried below to the cockpit where he died three hours later — but not before Captain Hardy had told him that victory was certain. "Thank God I have done my duty" were his last whispered words. Every year, on the battle anniversary, a service is held on the main deck and wreaths are laid in the cockpit.

Seafaring relics of 160 years ago are preserved in the *Victory*. Among them are leather fire buckets, dated 1803; and the main capstan worked by 140 men, ten on each bar, while a fiddler sat atop of it and played to encourage them in their toil. The galley contains a replica of the huge iron stove which cooked all the food and provided hot water for the ship's company. Because of fire risk, the galley fire was put out after each meal was prepared.

Despite heavy damage, the great ship was patched up after Trafalgar



At this table in the Admiral's Quarters Nelson wrote his famous prayer just before the Battle of Trafalgar.

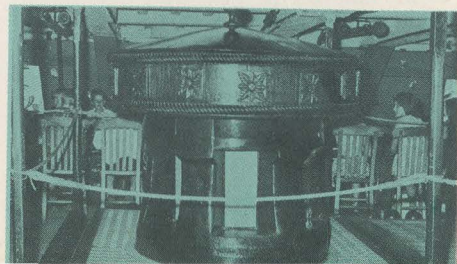
and saw another seven years' service. Then she was afloat in Portsmouth Harbor for over a century until, by 1922, the sea threatened her aged timbers and she nearly foundered. She was towed to her present dry dock and, following a national appeal, underwent a six-year restoration.

Today the *Victory* serves as a headquarters of the Commander-in-Chief, Portsmouth Dockyard, and the Admiral's Quarters aft are used for receptions and conferences. The table is preserved on which Lord Nelson composed his famous Prayer shortly before the Battle of Trafalgar:

"May the Great God whom I worship grant to my country and for the benefit of Europe in general a great and glorious victory; and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British Fleet. For myself individually I commit my life to Him that made me, and may His blessing light upon my endeavours for serving my country faithfully. To Him I resign myself and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend.

Amen. Amen. Amen."

This capstan was worked by 140 men, ten on each capstan bar. A fiddler sat on top of it. The embossed drawers contained salt, canvas and twine for simple first-aid.



Searching on the Shore

by Edyth Harper

The American coastline covers almost every condition of climate from frozen shores to tropical strands. Have you ever considered what a wealth of material lies buried between high and low water?

A recent discovery in New Jersey of a piece of amber containing an insect which might well be described as the "missing link" of the insect world between ant and wasp, has stirred people's imaginations. Many walking by the shore may be prompted to search for other curiosities and semi-precious stones. Before you begin, it will be worth your while to find out a little about the subject.

The chance of finding semi-precious stones is greater than many people realize. While the only diamonds you are likely to discover when beachcombing are those washed up from buried treasure, less valuable gems can be found in quantity.

One of the joys of collecting these stones is the small quantity of equipment needed. As well as good eye-sight and enthusiasm, you should arm yourself with a container for specimens, a mineral hammer, and a magnifying glass. A beginner will find Dr. Pough's "Field Guide to Rocks and Minerals" very useful. A knowledge of geology is helpful, as certain gems are usually found in certain rocks. The average searcher on the shore, however, is quite content if he can recognize what the gems look like in the raw.

No one can expect to recognize, say, an opal, unless he knows what the raw specimen looks like. Do a little research before you start beachcombing. There are plenty of books on the subject, as well as museums showing the original stones alongside the cut and polished



article. A visit to the U.S. National Museum, Washington, D. C., or the American Museum of Natural History in New York City, will teach you much. Chicago, too, has an excellent collection to be studied.

Many famous men have formed collections of gemstones in America. J. Pierpont Morgan donated his to the Natural History Museum, Washington. Colonel Roebling who built Brooklyn Bridge was another keen collector. There are hundreds of societies you can join. These hold regular shows in various localities with exhibits mainly from those areas.

The estuaries of rivers are always good areas to search in, for gems from further up the river bed may be washed down to rest on the shore. It helps, however, to know what coast is most likely to yield which gems. The following is a rough guide to various regions:

Suppose you find yourself on the

shores of Alaska. With time on your hands and a keen eye you can pick up amber in the Smith Bay area, on the shores of Fox Islands or Chicago Creek. Long ago, amber forests covered this area. Today, the resin from these trees has hardened into what we know as amber.

Volcanic rock in the Alaskan peninsula holds nodules of chalcedony, called locally "moonstones". Red jasper from Adak Island, agate pebbles on Tanaga's beaches, carnelians near Sand Point, Popof Island, and obsidian in Unalaska Island are all there — if you search hard enough.

Obsidian, by the way, was named after Obsius, a Roman naturalist who found the stone in Ethiopia. American Indians used it for arrow heads or ceremonial sword blades. Serpentine, garnets, and corundum can all be found in Alaska.

Further down the coast in Washington, you will find quantities of chalcedony in the gravel beaches of San Juan Islands. The Olympic Peninsula is rich in chalcedony. Agate Beach in Jefferson County is misleading, for here you can discover jasper, not agate, while carnelians can be picked up on Washington beaches, too.

The shores most likely to reward those searching for agate and jasper are the coasts of Oregon, however. Inland Oregon is a happy hunting ground for gem seekers. Its shores hold large deposits of jasper, agate, and chalcedony. A five-inch piece of chalcedony discovered at Yachats produced altogether \$300 when cut and sold as slices. Near China Creek, Cummings Creek and Ten Miles Creek, you should find what you seek. Rolled agate lies where the Chetco and Rogue rivers join the sea.

Have you ever visited Plaskett Point, Monterey County, California? Perhaps you did not know that rhodonite pebbles can be found on the beach there. The Greek for rose was rhodos. The stones are named from this word as

when cut they are rose-red in shades from pale to deep pink.

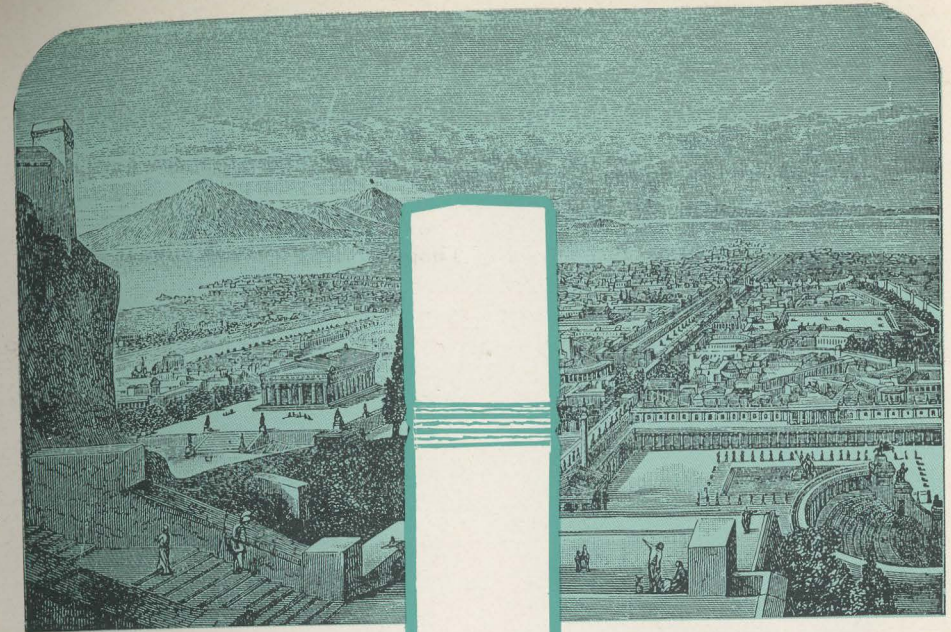
San Francisco Bay also yields highly colored specimens of chert, a form of jasper which is noted for its beautiful colors. If you're oyster fishing, you might be lucky enough to find a black pearl in the Gulf of California. St. Thomas Island, a U.S. possession in the Virgin Islands, also yields pearls of good quality.

One of the most world-famous spots for coral lies in Florida in Tampa Bay. In fact, they say literally tons of coral have been found there and still the supply is not exhausted. You may not recognize it as such, unless you know what you are seeking, for weeds, barnacles, etc. may disguise it, but when cleaned, your search in the mud flats off Ballast Point will be rewarding. You could be fortunate enough to find opals on beaches near Dover, New Jersey. Nantucket Island was the goal of amber searchers in the last century. Specimens can still be found on the beaches there.

Besides collecting gems you will also collect a variety of interesting items of knowledge. "Amethyst" comes from a Greek word for "not drunk". The ancients believed that drinking cups of amethyst prevented the user from intoxication. Carnelians were so called because the Romans thought their color resembled flesh.

If you progress from collecting to the lapidary's art of cutting gems, you will marvel at the skill of primitive races who carved jade and serpentine, shaped fluorite, and made ornaments of porphyry, without the aid of modern tools.

The coastline of America is long. Its sands and beaches hold vast quantities of gemstones just lying about, waiting to be discovered. You cannot expect to find a stone every time you search, but with practice you should in time acquire an interesting collection and may even find unique specimens, if you are lucky.



MOORING

BOLLARDS

The nautical term "moor" is derived from the Middle Dutch *maren*, to tie, and from the time man first went to sea in boats there have been many methods of "tie up" on the shore.

The ancient Greeks moored their ships to various objects ashore, and in the glory of the classical period, moorings became ornate in keeping with their fine ships and graceful architecture. We learn that long bollards were set up on the wharfs of that maritime power.

Philon, the famous engineer, 330 B.C., designed mooring bollards cut in marble, "waisted" in shape, with balloon caps over which the tie-up ropes were secured.

The Romans used mooring piles of pine and a depiction at Pompeii of an ancient port shows trophies mounted on pillars, and mooring bollards on the moles.

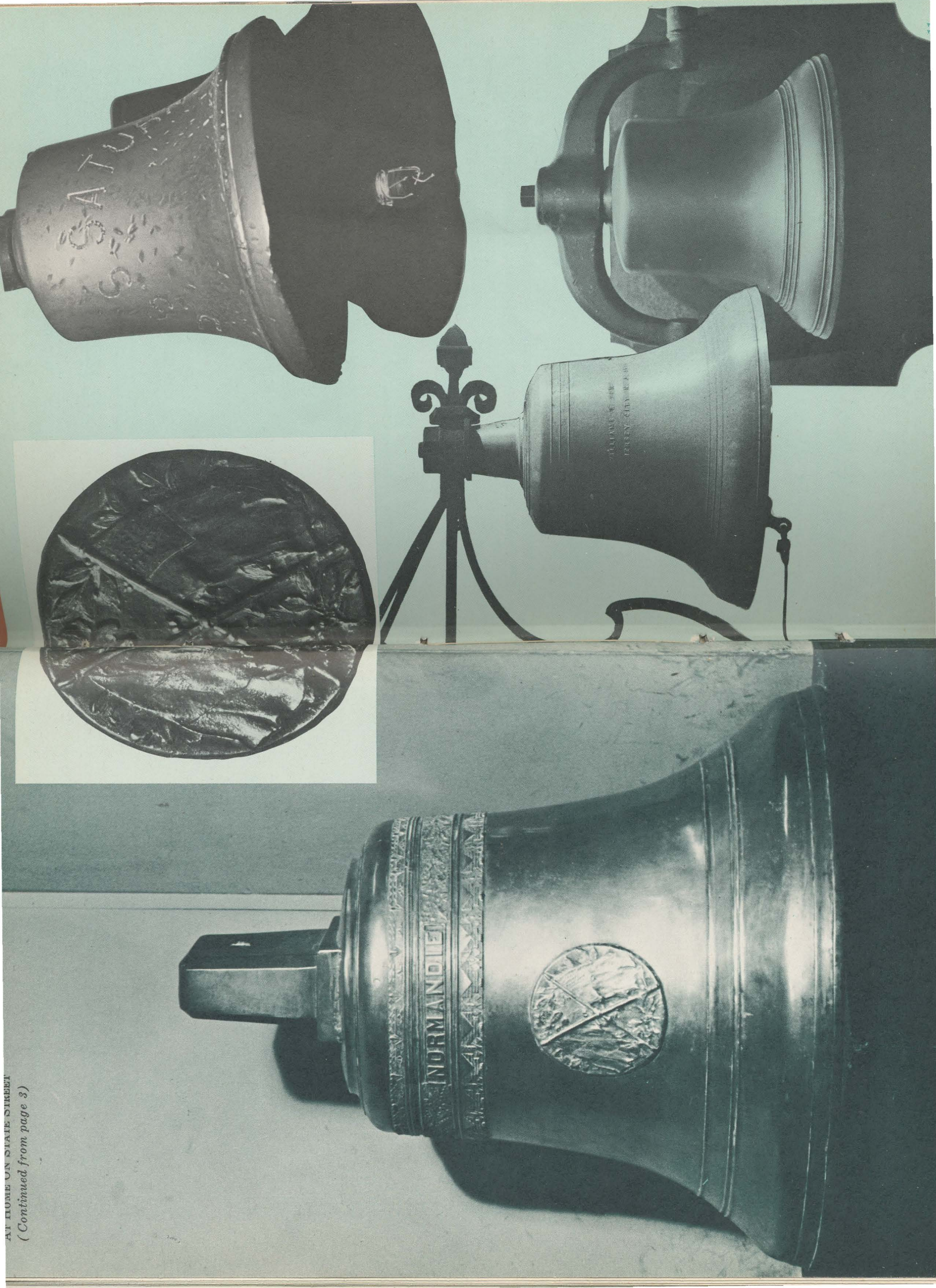
In Great Britain and Ireland, in the Middle Ages, pile mooring posts were in common use in the harbors, but in

more modern civil engineering, granite and other hard stone were adopted as bollards. Long squared blocks of granite were rounded and waisted at their heads, with round caps, and sunk in a hole on the quay and grouted in with Roman cement concrete.

Cast iron was used for the same purpose in the last century, both hollow and solid cast according to ship sizes. Some of these were in the form of capstans for winding the ship's cable in.

In the heyday of yachting, when the elite and the wealthy indulged in this sport of the sea, and sailed their exotic yachts, they had mooring bollards to match. Ornate cast iron was in vogue, with gleaming brass mountings, and in one case, carved oak was used with brass inlay and a mushroom cap of brass. In some harbors floating mooring buoys were used, anchored to screw piles or "dead men" in the marine floor.

Moorings are as ancient as the art of navigation itself.



AT HOME ON STATE STREET
(Continued from page 3)



LIGHTS THAT NEVER FAIL

(Continued from April Lookout)

One of the most lonely posts on the Maine coast is the Saddleback Ledge Lighthouse built in 1839. Some 54 feet above the water, waves easily break over the lantern in a gale. It was here that a horde of birds bombarded the light; back in 1935, ducks and drakes, during a southeaster, cannonaded into it. Birds came sailing through the windows like shot, piling up in the tower lantern, breaking the light. At the base of the tower was a huge heap of sea birds.

Captain John Smith discovered the rugged, storm-swept Isles of Shoals off the coasts of New Hampshire in 1614. It was here on Star Island that Captain Kidd was said to have buried some of his treasure. During the colonial period, the Indians swept down upon Star Island in their canoes and killed or carried off every inhabitant except Mrs. Moody, who hid herself and her two children under the rocks. Unable to keep them quiet, the mother killed them with a knife she was carrying rather than let them fall into the hands of the Indians.

The first Isle of Shoals Lighthouse was erected on White Island, 5½ miles off the coast of New Hampshire, in 1821. During the Civil War, because of the danger from blockade runners and Southern gunboats, the lighthouse was entirely rebuilt of granite, with walls 2 feet thick.

The light has many unusual events connected with its history.

One night in 1873, a German named Louis Wagner, knowing that the men were away from Smutty Nose Island, rowed all the way across from the mainland to rob fisherman Houtnet's residence. Caught and recognized by the women, Wagner killed two of the three females on the island. Then he returned to his dory and rowed back to the mainland. Later he was captured, tried and hanged.

New Hampshire's second lighthouse is at Portsmouth Harbor on a point of land running out into the harbor. In 1771, this early colonial tower was one of the twelve lighthouses turned over to the Federal Government under the act of August 7, 1789.

In 1789, the Portsmouth Lighthouse was visited by George Washington who remained in Portsmouth four days. Earlier, in 1782, General Lafayette had been a lighthouse visitor. Daniel Webster practiced law here in 1807 and was a frequent visitor at the lighthouse during his nine years of residence in Portsmouth.

Beavertail Lighthouse in Rhode Island was the third lighthouse to be built in what is now the United States, the original tower having been constructed in 1749 and now gone for nearly a century. But there stands in its place a more sturdy structure, built of granite, which was built in 1856. Almost from its first erection, Beavertail has been a sort of proving ground for various types of signaling equipment. One of the most curious of these was an early air-operated fog signal, for which a horse was kept on hand to operate the air compressor.

The second Rhode Island light is at Prudence Island and built in 1862. During the terrible September hurricane of 1938, five persons including the wife of the lighthouse keeper, were carried out to sea and drowned when the

dwelling house on the lighthouse reservation was swept away by the savage fury of the tropical gale. The keeper was also thrown into the sea, but another wave swept him back ashore.

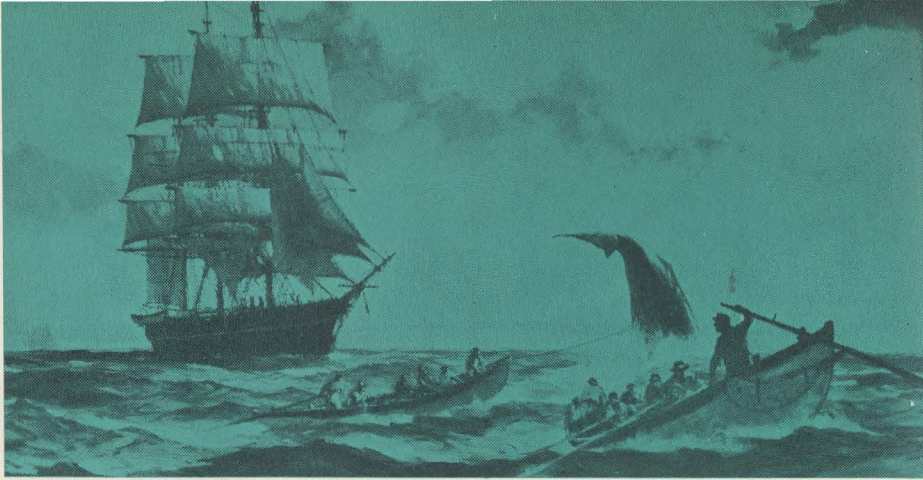
Connecticut has one light, the original New London Harbor Lighthouse built in 1760.

We owe a great debt to the devoted men and women who have served the lights. Today, many lights are unmanned, being controlled by electronics. But the old days were more romantic — when dedicated men watched the sentinels of the sea and used their heart and guts to save men from the water's treachery. As one put it:

"I wonder if the care of the lighthouse will follow my soul after it has left this worn out body! If I ever have a gravestone, I would like it in the form of a lighthouse or beacon."

It might be well for travelers to "collect" a few of these lighthouses on their travels, before they become extinct, for certainly no more will be built, at least not in the form that we know them. They contain much of the spirit and essence that helped build America.





WARRING WHALES

by Dane John

In April, 1932, the cable-repair ship *All America* was sent to investigate the reason for a strange disturbance interrupting the submarine-cable service off the coast of Colombia. The cause was found to be a dead 45-foot cachalot whale which, when hoisted to the surface from a depth of 3,240 feet, was found to have fouled the cable.

It was calculated that with over half a mile of sea water on its back, the whale had been subjected to a pressure of approximately 1,400 lbs. to the square inch, or about the same as if it was supporting the *Queen Mary* or the *Queen Elizabeth*.

Whales are the strongest creatures in the sea. But anyone who has seen a group of them placidly moving along, feeding, breathing and playing, finds it hard to believe that, despite their massive bulk, they can move at great speed.

Instances have occurred where killer whales have deliberately rammed ice floes to cause other sea creatures on them to fall or dive into the water — to provide the toothed killers with a meal.

During World War II, a destroyer was known to have been charged by a

bull sperm whale after the ship had struck and killed a whale calf. The destroyer, which was travelling at a fast speed, suffered such a blow near the stern that it was knocked slightly off course and shuddered with the impact. Examination afterwards showed that this had also disturbed six of the destroyer's plates.

Similarly, in the Indian Ocean, the 26,000 ton P. and O. Liner *Iberia* collided with a whale. The ship was undamaged because she hit the whale head-on, impaling it on her bow.

One of the most famous whales, probably, is Herman Melville's fictional "Moby Dick", a giant white whale. Possibly Melville got the idea for his book partly from experience and partly from "Mocha Dick", a white whale that was first seen off Mocha island, Chile, and thus its name.

The whaler *John Day*, from Bristol, England, was hove-to off the Falkland Islands one day in May, 1841, the crew being engaged on cutting up a captured whale, when "Mocha Dick" broke surface near the ship.

The crew dropped their tasks, launched their boats and set off to tackle it, whereupon "Mocha Dick"

charged the mate's boat, which slewed out of the way at the last minute and fired in a harpoon as the whale passed. After hauling the boat through the waves for some distance, the line slackened, but the crew had no time to decide if "Mocha Dick" was dead or foxing them.

Suddenly the whale breached, charged the boat and smashed it to fragments. Two other boats moved close to pick up four survivors. Then, "Mocha Dick", after waiting, sounded and surfaced, capsizing one of the two boats, throwing the men into the water. To add insult to injury he then lay on the surface as if to be ready to meet the whalers' next actions. But they had decided to leave "Mocha Dick" alone, sailing away after losing two crewmen drowned and two boats smashed.

In the same area, a few months later, "Mocha Dick" charged a trading schooner and sank it by smashing in her timbers. Three whaling ships, the *Yankee* from New Bedford, the *Dudley* from England and the *Crieff* from Glasgow, Scotland, were close by, saw the incident and managed to rescue all the schooner's crew. They also decided to combine their efforts to catch the whale which was earning an infamous reputation.

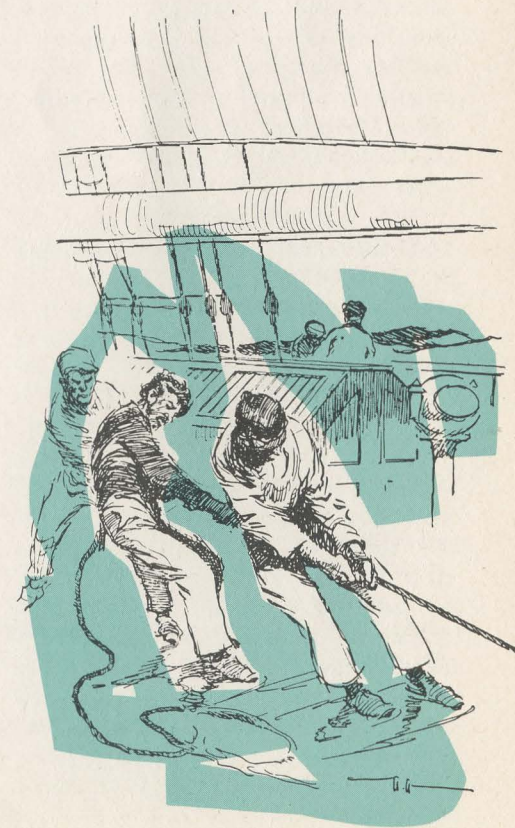
Two boats from each whaler set off in pursuit. "Mocha Dick", game for a fight, tried his usual tactics of submerging, then surfacing to charge and sink or capsize a boat. But one of the *Yankee's* boats managed to harpoon him. After a while "Mocha Dick" surfaced and lay there as if weak and helpless.

Hardly believing the battle had been won so easily, the six boats moved in for a closer look. Seeing his chance, "Mocha Dick" burst into action.

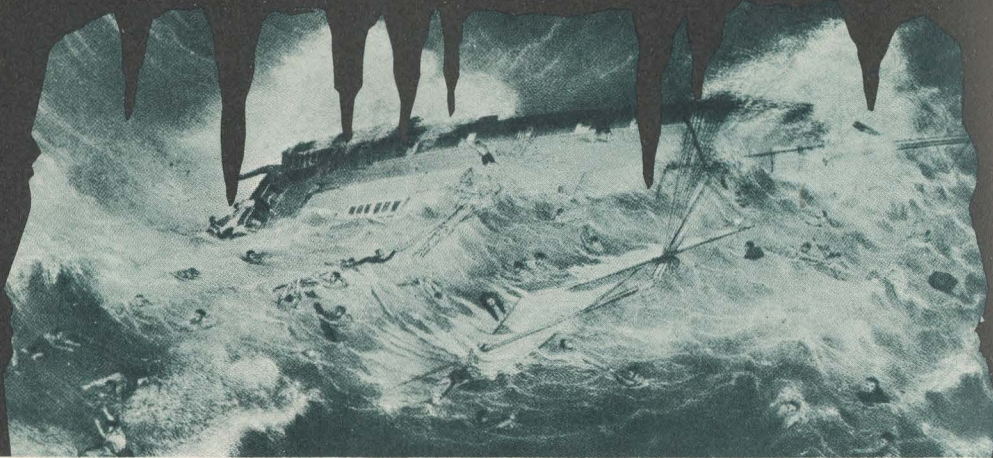
With a blow of his tail he struck and sank a boat from the *Crieff*. Then he savagely smashed one of the *Dudley's* boats and mangled the bodies of two of its crew. Now panic-stricken, the crews of the other boats picked up the sur-

vivors and fled back to their ships — which put on sail and departed hurriedly. Even then, "Mocha Dick" pursued the *Crieff* for several hours, leaping out of the water alongside her, carrying away her jib boom and bowsprit with his tail.

But, eventually, time ran out for "Mocha Dick". Blind in one eye and weakened by harpoon wounds and old age, he was subsequently killed by the Swedish crew of a whaler. When they cut him up for rendering they found *nineteen* harpoon heads in his body — some of them, no doubt, from the *thirty* whaling men he drowned or killed, and the *fourteen* boats and vessels he is known to have sunk or smashed in his lifetime.



SHIP OF THE ROCKBOUND CAVERN



by Lt. Harry E. Rieseberg

Remote and far to the south in the Pacific Ocean lies, wedged in a vast rocky cavern-tomb, the long-rotting timbers of the once-famous American clipper ship *General Grant* — its shattered remains now barnacled and shell-encrusted within the towering cave cleft in the giant rock cliffs of the southernmost side of the cold, rainy, and uninhabited Disappointment Island — one of the smaller of the Auckland Group.

Here, in this weird watery vault, the 1,200-ton sailing vessel has rested since the thirteenth day in May, in 1866, still retaining, unsalvaged and undisturbed, the major part of her vast cargo of treasure in gold ingots and bullion, estimated by marine underwriters to be worth approximately \$15,000,000.

The *General Grant* left Hobson's Bay, on May 4th, en route to Melbourne, Australia, to London, England, under the command of Captain William Loughlin, with a passenger list of 104, together with a valuable cargo of Australian wool, produce, and other freight merchandise. The ship was soon reported by Lloyd's of London, the London maritime underwriters, as "missing," as no passing ship had sighted the clipper since her departure from Melbourne.

Nearly two years passed, when in March, 1868, the ship *Amherst* arrived at Melbourne. Down her gang-plank there stepped a sick, emaciated and dying man who was immediately hurried to the hospital for treatment. The man, George Hargraves, told a tale both strange and tragic of his remarkable experiences on board the lost ship after leaving Melbourne two years before.

It was, as his story related, on the night of May 13th, 1866, with high seas and a dirty weather brewing. The *General Grant's* master, Captain Loughlin, had endeavored to steer his ship on a straight course between Disappointment Island and the main island of the Auckland group, when the wind suddenly dropped, heavy seas washed her decks clear of everything, and jammed the huge craft head-on toward the cliffs.

Then suddenly the *General Grant* struck the rocks! The mainmast cracked with a roar like thunder, broke clean off as the vessel careened and drifted through a great cavern running deep into the bowels of the gigantic rocks.

There, in the vast rock-walled tomb, it was black as midnight, and lanterns were lit and hung to the taffrail, while the passengers and crew, in awe, sol-

emly gazed about the weird vault walls in which the vessel had inextricably wedged herself, her other masts and spars lying across her shattered decks, rigging and white shrouds torn to shreds, and her bulwarks smashed and battered into splinters.

When dawn came, in the dim light of the early morning the boats were lowered, but in the panic-stricken efforts to crowd into them, many of the frightened passengers and some of the crew had fallen overboard. Many were left behind and went to their doom under the maddened, swirling waters.

Only thirteen of the 100 or more aboard managed to survive, and these, with scant food and little clothing, made for the bleak, barren and lonely shore nearby. There they stood in stark amazement and watched their gallant master, still standing on the vessel's deck in his last moments, wave his handkerchief as a farewell token.

Then, with a hissing roar, the once-proud *General Grant* slowly and quietly sank beneath the waters until only the shattered tops of her mast-stumps stood above the surface, and they, too, slowly passed from sight shortly.

Ashore, the little band of thirteen survivors managed to kindle a fire from driftwood and bark, which they constantly kept burning with the hope of attracting the attention of some passing vessel at sea to come to their aid. But, unfortunately, few ships passed in those waters in those days.

One of the castaway seamen carved by hand a miniature boat on which he crudely marked the message of their plight, and set it adrift. Winter came, cold and dreary, and the survivors spent the long months on the desolate shores, living on a few seals, goats, and wild pigs which roamed the barren rocky tableland. In this manner they were able to exist and endure two miserable winters, which passed before they finally discovered a way to send one of their number out in search of aid.

For more than eighteen months — months of severe hardship and desperation — they despairingly, hopelessly watched each passing sail, each passing smoke-cloud, as it sailed on its course over the horizon, ever unobservant of their signal-fires.

Finally, on November 21st, 1867, while cruising in these waters, the lookout of the British whaling ship *Amherst* suddenly sighted a miniature ship, crudely hand-carved from a piece of driftwood, floating on the crests of the sea. When they picked it up its message told of the plight of the unfortunate survivors on the barren island. The *Amherst* searched for three weeks to locate the site where the castaways were camped, and finally, upon sighting their smoke from a signal fire, which they had constantly kept burning, the survivors were taken off their deserted island.

The treasure cargo of the *General Grant* being so huge, it has ever been an enticing lure to salvors, and, in the summer of 1885 — nineteen years after the vessel's loss — an Australian salvage syndicate made strenuous efforts to retrieve the clipper's vast cargo of gold ingots and bullion.

But Davy Jones, evidently, did not approve, and their salvage vessel, unable to cope with the treacherous elements, was forced to return to Melbourne without the treasure. Later, several other, and more recent, attempts were made to recover the *General Grant's* huge cargo of riches, but, in each instance, the undertow and great surf of the waters within the cavern had baffled every effort.

However, recently, a group of Australian salvors managed to recover some \$3,500,000 of the huge fortune, but terrific winds and gales drove them away, and they were forced to abandon further efforts to retrieve the remaining \$11,500,000 in gold and silver.

So the bulk of the *General Grant's* rich cargo of unperishable riches still rests within the cave.



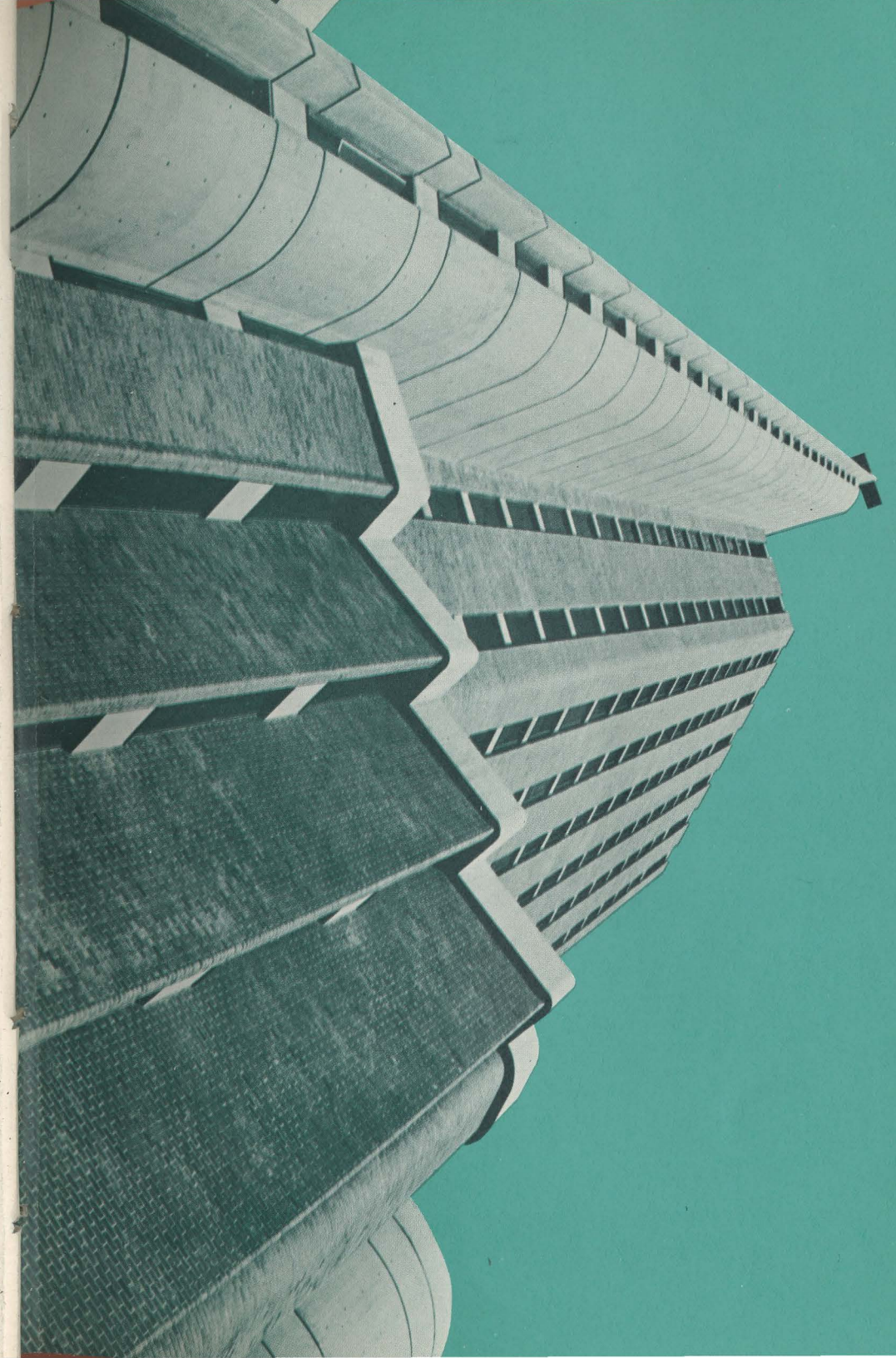
A small knot of noon-day onlookers watched workmen detach the bells and the famous ship's figurehead, *Sir Galahad*, from the facade of the South Street building; the bell from the *Atlantic* was removed with difficulty. Its bracket had to be cut from its anchorage with a torch.

Sir Galahad, constructed of wood, came away easily. It and the bells were carefully lowered to a waiting truck by means of a hydraulic crane.

There the famous figurehead was anxiously examined by the SCI director, the Rev. John M. Mulligan. *Sir Galahad* was found to be in relatively good condition. Its paint was flaking, but properly restored, it will probably be mounted in the lobby at State Street . . . sheltered from the elements at long last . . . there to stoutly defend and protect all seafarers staying in the building . . . *Galahad's* good broad-sword ready for withdrawal from its sheath . . . in perpetuity.

The origin of the figurehead is not entirely clear. It is believed to be from a 1500 ton clipper, circa 1860, and not from the privateer *Galahad* (300 tons) built in 1749 in Marblehead, Mass.

It was a gift in 1927 from I. J. Merritt in memory of his father, Captain I. J. Merritt.



**15 State Street
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AT NEW YORK, N. Y.

Address Correction Requested

